



Sultans Of Swing

Dire Straits

..... get a shiver in the dark
It's in the park, but meantime
..... of the river you stop and you
everything
A band is blowin' dixie four time
You feel when you hear that music ring

And you step inside
But you don't see too faces
Comin' in the rain
You the jazz go down

Competition in places
Oh, but the they blowin' that sound
Way on down south
Way on down south London town

You guitar, George
He knows all the
Mind he's strictly rhythm
He doesn't make it cry or sing

Yes, and an old guitar
Is all he can
When he gets up under the lights
To play his

And Harry mind
If he doesn't make the
He's got a daytime job
He's doin' alright

He can play the honky-tonk like

Savin' it up for night
With the Sultans
With the Sultans of Swing

And a of young boys
They're fooling in the corner
Drunk and in their best brown baggies
And their platform soles

They don't give a
About any playing band
It ain't what they call
And the Sultans, yeah, the Sultans
They play creole, creole

And the man
He steps right up to the
And says: At last!
Just as the bell rings

....., now it's time to go home
And he makes it fast with one more thing
We are the Sultans
We are the Sultans of Swing

now	afford	around rock and roll
alright	wanna	trumpet
You	check out	Goodnight
hold	thing	microphone
raining	chords	then
south	anything	time
other	doesn't	dressed
hear	scene	many
horns	Friday	double
out of	damn	
	crowd	